



PUCK'S HINT FOR "HOSPITAL SUNDAY."

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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## EXTRA NOTICE!

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## PUCK'S CHRISTMAS.

PUT IN WITH THE POETS AT THE TELEPHONE.

Hello, hello! Alfred Tennyson!  
Is that you, PUCK?  
Yes, Al. Same old PUCK.

Well, whojerwant?  
Let us hear from you, Baron, on the subject of Christmas. Lubricate your poetical bazoo, and let us hear you warble.

It will cost you just one bright gold guinea to hear my little single-handed concert. Do you annex?

We do, and we don't care if you charge two guineas per line. We sometimes wear the toes out of our shoes kicking our bonds out of the way to keep from falling over them.

The sunlight makes  
The buckwheat-cakes

Upon the plate look like gold medals,  
And then to keep  
The plate a-heap

The cook is lively on her pedals.  
Run, servant, run, smile sweet and don't be hateful,  
And on the table keep a plateful, plateful, plateful.

They softly float  
Down many a throat  
On silent winglets of molasses,  
And little Jack,  
His lips doth smack,

And swift for more his platter passes.  
Run, servant, run, and grease the steaming griddle,  
And pile the nut-brown pads upon the table's middle.

Hello, hello! Glasgow, Scotland!  
What's up now?

I want to see Bret Harte.

All right, here's your little Bret. What'll you have?

We want some kind of a Christmas poem out of you on X-mas.

[This is what we got.]

There on the shelf you see a big stuffed turkey  
Standing erect upon a branch of dogwood—  
So you would like to hear the story, stranger?  
All right, I'll tell you.

'Twas at Rum Gulch, the day preceding X-mas,  
Down at the gin-mill kept by Baldy Johnson,  
Who had put up that turkey for a raffle  
Just for excitement.

The thing went on all right till Snake-Eyed Charley  
Said, when he saw old Johnson throw the sixes:  
"Gents, I'm a plain man, but them dice is loaded,  
Let 's have a gore-spill."



Then he let fly, and some one else responded,  
Just to be sociable and not look haughty,  
And followed then another and another,  
Right in the bar-room.

Like well-cooked peanuts at a country circus  
Those pistols popped and echoed round the cañon,  
And when the last shot on the still air sounded,  
All hands had fallen.

The only one that felt no deadly bullet  
Was that black turkey on the shelf before you—  
The rafflers on the morrow all were planted  
Down in the cañon.

That is the story—come up nearer, stranger—  
Here is the table, here the whiskey-bottle;  
Please don't be modest, take a good big snifter—  
At least seven fingers.

Hello, hello! The Grave-yard at Stepney  
Staircase, England!

What do you want?

Sandy Pope!

Who?

Alexander Pope!

He's dead!

Well, PUCK can wake up a dead man. Let's interview Alex.

What do you want?

A Christmas poem.

[Here is the old regulation thing we received.]

Alas, to me another Christmas comes,  
And bright the sun above the landscape looms,  
Sitting before my wine and ruddy beef,  
I feel that I against the cold am safe.  
The snow is lying deep upon the grass;  
I see it drifting around my window-case.  
I hear the wind that's blowing hard and bleak,  
Which adds a flavor to my well-cooked steak;  
And while no song-bird warbles in the grove,  
My feet in the warm oven I shall shove.

Is that all?

That's all.

Well, it's enough. Alexander, you don't rhyme any better than you used to. Even for a corpse, your rhymes are bad. Go back to your silent grave. You cannot poet for the nineteenth century. Good-by.

And Puck hung up the telephone-receiver.

Hello, hello! Atlantic Monthly!

What do you want?

I want a graceful and popular poet by the name of T. B. Aldrich.

I'm your poet.

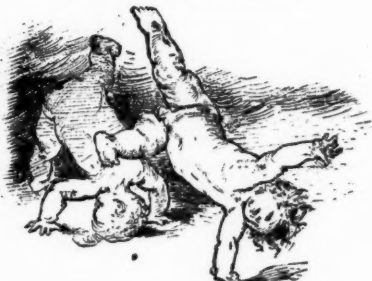
I know you are, Mr. Aldrich; and I should have to rustle around to find a better one. Will you let fall a merry strain about Christmas?

[There was no response from the poet; but the telephone tinkled out the following. PUCK does not guarantee its genuineness.]

## TWO COLD DAYS.

I looked upon the roses,  
The lifeless wan white roses,  
And saw them like a snow-drift,  
All down the garden-way.  
They cheated me with June-time,  
A lying mask of June-time,  
My heart said: This is Winter—  
The day she said me Nay.

I looked upon the roses,  
The white and holy roses,  
That day of heart's own Summer  
When she took back her Nay—  
For, lo! the laughing snow-drift  
To roses turned before me,  
White roses for her bridal—  
And that was Christmas Day!



Hello, hello! Camden, New Jersey!

What's the matter with you?

I want Walt Whitman.

Here's your Walt.

Walt, will you yawp? Will you yawp a Christmas yawp?

[The following yawp arrived by telephone.]

Christmas!

I rise up and heave you a whoop.

Of that sore throat of thine, from arctics thin and damp;  
Of that large head of thee, from too much observance of  
the rare old festival;

[Too much observing altogether, observing the flowing  
bowl, observing the wine when it giveth its color in  
the cup; the cocktail when it moveth a-wrong with-  
in the legs also observing;]

Of that resigned and pensive appetite of thine, now on a  
prolong'd rest, conscious of too much standing up to  
roast-goose, to mince-pies also standing up;

Of that tired, inert and flaccid pocket-book of thine, in sev-  
eral rounds with the insatiate shop-keepers knock'd  
out; of that bank-account of thine also knock'd out;  
Of that general fitness of thine I sing, with what is, left  
of me I sing.

My singing is not much at present; but I shall warble  
easier when I get over Christmas.

Yawp.



Hello, hello! London, Eng-  
land! Court of St. James's!  
James Russell Lowell!

Well, what is it?

PUCK, and he wants a poem  
on Christmas.

Can't you wait till I get  
home?

No. If President Cleveland  
doesn't lose the common-  
sense which has hitherto dis-  
tinguished him from the rest  
of the Democratic party, he'll  
leave you where you are.

Well, that's very flattering,  
coming from PUCK; but I am  
afraid I can't warble for you,  
all the same. This London  
fog has got into my warble.  
But here is a friend of mine,  
by the name of Biglow, who  
may be able to accommodate you.

[And the telephone, with a strong New Eng-  
land accent, began to sing.]

## MR. BIGLOW MAKES AN APPEAL.

Fur 's I can see, this Christmas time  
Is scasely democratic—  
Fust-story folks may like the chime;  
But how about the attic?

Up-garret way the 's shingles off,  
And drafts is like to foller—  
I tell ye, friends, a holler cough  
Makes Christmas kinder holler.

You 'll say that Love 's a sass thet 's sent  
On poor folk's feed free spillin'—  
But poor folks 'd be more content  
Ef poverty was fillin'.

I don't dispute Religion's use;  
But Sense can't help confessin'  
A blessing may go well with goose,  
But goose goes well with blessin'.

Fur them that's hungered, 's well ez sinned,  
Food helps along religion—  
Grace without meat is like the wind  
That fills a puffer-pigeon.

But, friends, the poor hev gut one wealth—  
Jest one, ez fur 's I know on—  
Their meagre capital of Health—  
Le's keep 'em that to go on.

Health laughs at panes with hats stuffed in;  
Health cheers a skimpy larder;  
A bed of straw is hard an' thin—  
But hospital beds are harder.

The poor ye 've allus with ye—true;  
But He don't say it follers  
That when the poor are sickly, too,  
You 'll have 'em with ye allus.

Remember this when days are cold—  
At least, think of it one day—  
God's throne is gilded with the gold  
That clinks on Hospital Sunday.



## A CHILLY CHRISTMAS



FOR THE OUTCAST ORPHANS.

## TRUTH AND DAMAGES.

*What the Counsel for the Plaintiff in the Breach-of-Promise Case DIDN'T Say.*

Gentlemen of the Jury: My client has now reached the mellow but slightly fly-blown age of thirty-seven years. She comes before you now after a life-time of unremitting exertions to secure a husband. Her tireless industry in this line is generally acknowledged in her own town. There is not a single man there who cannot testify to this fact of his own knowledge. If there were any double men there, they would tell you the same thing. There are men in that little village, in that peaceful, happy, Arcadian little burg, who get down on their knees every night of their lives and thank Heaven for their hair-breadth escape from marrying the plaintiff. They are grateful to Heaven, although they had to rustle just as hard to effect that escape as though they had not been favored with any supernatural assistance.

Gentlemen, my client has belonged to every church sociable, to every mission, to every dancing-class in her village. She has taught in the Sunday-school, and has educated boys up to love her, only to see them go off and marry some soulless young thing of half her age. Gentlemen, I assure you on my personal honor that if she had been a sewing-machine agent, she could not have canvassed that town more thoroughly.

My client, gentlemen, has worked every Summer hotel that her means would permit her to board in. She has labored like a tireless Trojan in getting up picnics, private theatricals, hay-rides and fishing excursions. She played croquet so assiduously in the first fresh

decades of her youth that she was known as the amateur perennial champion. And lately, in spite of a growing tendency to rheumatism and stiffening of the joints, she has heroically set herself to learning the arduous game of lawn-tennis, and has played it with youths whose mother she might have been, had her exertions prevailed upon the last generation.

I tell you this gentlemen, to show you that my client has done her best. This is her last chance, or she would not be here. She made the acquaintance of this old gentleman when he providentially broke his leg on the sidewalk in front of her house. We don't ask him to marry her. He has never shown much inclination to take that desperate step, and we won't urge him. But my client must get some of his money, or her life—her long, hard, industrious life—is a total failure. He has the drachmas. He can spare a few thousand. The experience will be worth it, to him. And, as I have before remarked, this is my client's last and only chance. Gentlemen, you have all had mothers. Probably they never figured in breach-of-promise suits; but if they had been like my client, they would have. Gentlemen, in the name—in the glorious name of womanhood—I ask you for ten paltry thousand of this old man's golden scads.

TIME AND Christmas-tide wait for no man to get his pocket-book lined.

SENATOR LAMAR suggests that all speculations about President Cleveland's administration cease until his Message appears. This is the first intimation we have had that Senator Lamar was an enemy to the newspapers.

## Puckerings.



I'm a happy little pussy,  
As I roam around the kitchen,  
Where the mutton-chop is blooming  
Red and rare.  
And I have a sky-blue ribbon  
Tied about me, like a necklace,  
And I sleep upon the cushion  
Of a chair.

While the kettle's sweetly singing,  
On the hearth-stone oft I settle,  
Close unto the cheery oven,  
For a nap.  
And I'm such a lovely watcher,  
Such a wondrous little mouser,  
That the pantry's not provided  
With a trap.

From the cellar to the garret,  
From the garret to the cellar,  
In a quarter of a minute  
Do I fly.  
And I chase the ball of worsted  
All around the gilded parlor,  
And I scratch the shaggy poodle  
In the eye.

When I'm yowling in the moonlight,  
On the viney terrace yonder,  
I evade the brick and boot-jack  
Like a flash.  
I'm so lively on my pedals  
That I do not mind observing  
That no butcher'll ever grind me  
Into hash.

A TOOTH AND NAIL AFFAIR—The Buzz-saw and the Hand of the Victim.

MOTTO FOR A GUILLOTINIST—"Be Sure You're Right, then Go a Head."

LONDON ASSURANCE—Accusing Americans of Blowing Up Old Thames Bridges.

THE ROCHESTER *Democrat* remarks: "Who says there is nothing that pays like journalism?" We believe no one says so who knows anything about the business.

BOB INGERSOLL asks: "Which way?" We think that no matter which way the average man selects, he will wish he had gone the other way before he has gone very far.

ONE OF the daily papers intimates that since the campaign Ben Butler has become thinner. Well, he was altogether too thin during the campaign. What must he be now?

"MR. GLADSTONE entered Parliament as a Tory member from Newark fifty-two years ago," says an exchange. Grover Cleveland was born in Caldwell. Hurrah for New Jersey!

So you don't know what Burdette means by a "macadamized pike," eh? Just you tackle a pike that is about six days caught and eight days cooked on a railroad lunch-counter, and you will know.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS are going to erect a statue to the late Commissioner Nichols. And when they get it made, they'll have to go skirmishing all over creation to get somebody to pay for the pedestal.

## A VERY BIG SNOW-STORM.

One evening last week a stream of light issued from the window of Brother Peter Maguff's cabin. Occasional sounds of laughter floated forth into the air, and it was quite evident that some festival was in progress within. Around the humble board of Brother Peter were gathered some of the shining lights of the defunct Anti-Chicken-Stealing Society. Brother Parsimony Higgins, Brother Wakeup Misery, Brother Squeezeout Peabody and Brother Shinbones Smith were gathered together in peace and harmony. Old differences were forgotten, and even Brethren Squeezeout and Shinbones smiled amicably at each other across the table.

It was a day of rejoicing. It was Brother Peter's birthday. He had attained the weary age of thirty, and felt that life's cares were beginning to bear heavily on his shoulders; for the whitewashing season was nearly at an end. Nevertheless he felt charitably disposed, and so, at some personal trouble and a very small expense, he had procured a magnificent opossum. This he had roasted in the most approved style and set before the assembled brethren, whom he had invited to partake of the unctuous feast.

When the last morsel had disappeared, and Brother Parsimony Higgins had satisfied himself by a long look around that there was nothing more to eat, Brother Peter brought forth several corn-cob pipes of excellent make and some very powerful tobacco, and the men settled down to enjoy a comfortable smoke. They silently blew great clouds of smoke into the air for some time, and then the desire to pour forth his lore grew too strong for Brother Shinbones. Still he was too cunning to want to begin the talking himself, so he simply made an opening for the others by observing:

"Dis hyar's been a quiet soht o' Wintah."

"How's dat, Brudder Shinbone?" inquired Peter, ever ready to draw the old man out.

"Wal, dar hain't be'n no big snow-stohms nor berry bad wedder ter speak ob."

"No, sah," remarked Brother Parsimony Higgins: "dis hyar hab be'n a berry open Wintah."

"Gorramighty!" exclaimed Brother Squeezeout Peabody: "we useter hab wuss Wintahs a heap dan dis hyar."

"Dat's so, Brudder Squeezeout," answered Parsimony: "w'y, I recomember w'en dar useter be some mighty big snow-stohms afoah dis time 'o de yeah. I recomember one what jiss beat anyt'ing I ebbah see."

"Tell us 'bout dat," suggested Peter.

"Wal, den, gennermen, dis war de way ob it. I was a-libbin' inter a kentry town up in de norf paht o' de State o' Noo Yawk. De houses war kind o' scattahed, an' each one ob 'em had a putty good-sized piece o' groun' around it. Ole Deacon Pussival war de boss man o' de town. He owned mos' all de blame place. He jiss kinder run t'ings dar fur ter suit hisse'f. Wal, he went an' bought up mos' all de flouah in dat paht o' de State one Fall, meanin', w'en de Wintah kem on an' folks couldn't git around much to buy deir flouah at odder places, ter jiss kind o' rake in all de shekels dar war in de town. Wal, dis hyar town war about twenty-fibe mile from Albany, an' dar warn't no railroad a-runnin' by it, so, yo' see, de ole Deacon had a putty good chance to make a raise. Wal, de Wintah come on byme-by, an' a putty tough ole Wintah she war, too. De ribbers an' ponds friz up right solid down ter de bottom 'arly in Nowembah, an' dey nebbah showed no signs ob tawin' out ontill de nex' Aprile. But de fust snow-stohm o' dat Wintah am wot I wants fur ter tole yer 'bout. De snow began fur ter come down 'bout a week afore T'anksgibbin' Day. All de boys in de town war jiss crazy w'en dey seed it, an' stahted out fur sleighs an' robes an' began fur ter git ready fur a high ole time. Wal, de snow it kep' a-comin' down all de nex' day; an' den folks began fur to git scart. It was ober de fence-tops an' 'way up agin de front doohs, an' as fast as de folks 'd dig deir way out de snow 'd fill er up agin. Wal, it snev ontill ebbery blame family in der town war snowed in tight. Dat warn't wot de ole Deacon war a-barginin' fur; but, yo' see, he couldn't help hisse'f. Byme-by Mrs. Sally Mullenstalk runned outen flouah. She libbed away down ter one end o' de town, an' de Deacon's place war way up at de odder. She axed her boy ef he could dig hisse'f a way trough de snow up dar, an' he 'lowed he could. So bright an' 'arly in de mawnin' he stahted. He digged away, an' dey watched him from de roof o' de house till he war out o' sight behind a snow-bank. Dat war de las' dat war seed o' dat boy fur nigh ontter free weeks."

"Wot become ob him?" inquired Brother Shinbones.

"He come home agin all right after de town had ben digged out an' folks war goin' 'bout deir business. He come home wid fohty poun' o' good flouah."

"Wot kep' him so long?" asked Brother Shinbones.

"W'y, chile," said Brother Parsimony: "he

done gone lost de way in the snow, an' kep' a-diggin' an' a-diggin' till he come out at Albany. Den he bought de flouah dar an' footed it back on de paff wot he'd done gone digged out."

A dead silence fell on the little gathering. All were too astonished to speak, except Brother Shinbones, in whose eye one might have read keen distrust. He shook his head slowly from side to side, and finally, blowing a huge cloud of smoke, said:

"Dat war a putty big snow-stohm, Brudder Pahsimony."

"Yes, sah, I 'low," replied Parsimony: "dat dar nebbah was a biggah one dan dat."

"Dunno, chile, dunno," said Shinbones: "I recomember a putty big one myse'f."

"Tell us all 'bout dat," exclaimed Brother Peter.

"Wal," said Shinbones, settling back in his chair: "it begins somefin' like de story yo' jiss heerd. It war in a town in Canady, an' it snowed fur durned neah a week. De houses war all kibbered up so dat folks had ter dig holes down ter de chimleys ter let de smoke out."

"Hole on dar!" exclaimed Brother Parsimony: "how'd dey git out?"

"Climbed up de chimley," replied Shinbones, innocently: "Wal, ole Sammy Wipple runned outen meat an' 'taters, an' he sent his boy out ter git some. De boy he digged his way out t'rough de snow, an' dey didn't see no moah ob him fur free monfs."

"Wot become ob him?" was asked.

"Wal," said Brother Shinbones: "de whul kentry up dar war snowed undah, an' de folks had ben a-diggin' roads undah de snow, an' it warn't berry easy fur ter tell whar yo' war ago'in', 'kase all de roads looked jess alike. So de boy he los' his way."

"An' war'd he git ter?" inquired Peter.

"W'y, he turned up in a little town on de Noo Yawk side o' de St. Lawrence Ribbah. He'd walked all de way, a-libbin' on de t'ings wot he'd bought at de stoah."

Brother Parsimony Higgins rose up and, picking up a large piece of Bologna sausage from the table, exclaimed:

"Dis hyar story am a durned big whopper!"

Brother Shinbones sprang from his chair, and opened his mouth wide to make a reply; but before he could utter a word Brother Parsimony jammed the end of the sausage into his mouth, and leaving him thus effectually gagged, strode out of the house in a most dignified manner.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## TWELVE TITLE-TIPS.

Dark Days—Nights.  
A Fair Barbarian—Eve.  
A Family Affair—Twins.  
Fortune's Fool—The Dude.  
There Was Once a Man—Adam.  
The Scarlet Letter—After It is Read.  
Called Back—The Rear of the Chest.  
My Watch Below—At the Three Balis.  
The Undiscovered Country—The Land of Nod.  
A Roman Singer—An Italian Sewing-Machine.  
Where the Battle was Fought—Oneida County.  
A Foregone Conclusion—The Bouncing of Postmasters.  
WILL M. CLEMENS.

PUTTING UP THE STOVE-PIPE—  
Adjusting an Election Bet.

## A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK.



"SAY, PAPA, CAN'T YOU STRIKE YOUR CONGREGATION FOR FUNDS TO HELP ME BUILD MY CHURCH?"

## CURRENT COMMENT.

DR. HUNT, of New Jersey, recently remarked, in the office of our esteemed uncle Ichabod, the *Rural New Yorker*, that he believed that a man cou' live longer without food or drink of any kind than another man could on alcoholic drinks alone. This may all be; but we have known men who seem to live on rum entirely, and never eat, and they are just as rosy as bricks, every one of them.

ABOUT THIS time of year the Commissioner of Public Works in Hades takes his annual vacation, knowing full well that his pavements will be well mended on January 1st by those who are full of good intentions.

A FIGURE FOUR TRAP—The Four-closure of a Mortgage.



BARN-YARD FABLES.

*The Little Game Rooster-Chick.*

One morning a poor little rooster-chick wandered into Silas Groot's barn-yard. It was very thin and very dirty, and its feathers were ruffled and broken. It cried "peep-peep" in a mournful tone, and seemed half frightened out of its wits.

The hens who had broods ran at it and pecked it, until it flew around the yard with shrill cries.

Then one old maid hen, who had been setting on a China door-knob for three weeks, came out to see what the trouble was, and when she saw the persecuted chick, she said:

"I am tired of trying to hatch a door-knob, and I shall adopt this lost chick for my own."

Then she called the little chick to her, and when it came, timidly, expecting a rebuff, she smoothed down its feathers with her bill, and gave it a big fat worm.

But the little rooster-chick cried and did not eat the worm.

"What is the matter—are you not hungry?" asked the old maid hen.

"Yes; but you are so kind to me that I can't eat. There is a big lump in my throat that almost chokes me."

"Never mind the lump; eat ahead; a full stomach is better than a full heart, when one is hungry."

Then the chick fell upon the worm and devoured it, and that night he slept in the bosom of the old maid hen.

From that day on the old maid hen devoted herself to the rooster-chick, whom she named Sam, and he grew and prospered. But the other hens pecked Sam when they got a chance, and the roosters chased him away.

Now two little lumps began to show on Sam's legs, and they caused the old maid hen much alarm. She tried to bite them off, but they were too hard, and they grew and grew until they were long and sharp on the ends.

At the same time a beautiful red comb came out on his head, and his flowing tail was a wonder to behold.

Now the hens began to treat him better because of his beauty; but this only made the roosters abuse him more.

One day they drove him out of the yard, and in the road he met a tramp rooster, to whom he told his sad story.

"Why," said the tramp: "You ought to be able to kill them with those spurs."

Then he told him how to fight, and Sam went back to the yard and said nothing. The biggest rooster of the yard attacked him, and was more than astonished when Sam showed fight.

It was fast and furious, and feathers flew in every direction; but in five minutes the big rooster was dead, with his throat cut. Two more roosters tried their luck and were slaughtered in the same way, and the others then turned tail and ran away.

Sam was now cock of the roost, and the hens bowed down before him. He had never crowed yet, and he felt a cock-a-doodle-doo swelling within him. He looked around for a high place, and flew to the edge of the water-hogshead under the eaves.

But he flew too far, and he went headforemost into the water and was drowned.

MORAL—Modesty befits a conqueror.  
W. R. BENJAMIN.



PRUDENCE, SPINNING.

A Studio Study.

I.  
Prudence, sitting by the fire,  
Lift your head a little higher—  
How the firelight ripples in  
And out the dimple of your chin—  
How your sidewise tilted head  
Snares the flickering gleams of red;  
Snares them in a golden net  
Than your distaff fleecier yet!  
O my Prudence, turn—but no—  
Shall a century backward flow?  
Prudence—ah, awelladay!  
You're a hundred years away.

II.  
He who looks upon you hears  
Through a hundred bygone years  
Whirr of wheel and foot's light tap  
On the treadle, and the snap  
Of the rose-red hickory logs,  
Sputtering, sinking on the dogs;  
And your breath he almost feels  
In a gentle sigh that steals  
From your lips, while hand and head  
Weave a dream and spin a thread—  
Prudence—who 'd believe it, pray?—  
You're a hundred years away.

\* \* \*  
Silent was the studio,  
Duller grew the hickory's glow,  
And the skylight, cold and faint,  
Seemed to frown—" 'tis late to paint!"  
Prudence drooped a weary head,  
Hearing not the painter's tread,  
As he crossed the room and bent  
Just where blush and firelight blent.  
O my Prudence, model fair!  
Where's your prim provincial air?  
Prudence—ah, awelladay!  
How a century slips away!

H. C. BUNNER.

PIKE COUNTY PHILOSOPHY.

*According to the Old Settler's School.*

—Boys, it's ez easy fur a two-months-ol' baby to crack a hick'ry-nut with its teeth, b'gosh, ez it is fur a thorrerbred 'Merican citizen to put a stove-pipe t'gether without distribitin' consid'able cuss-words roun' the settin'-room.

—I'm so durn consid'rit in my dealin's with my feller-men, boys, that I'd ten to one ruther ast one of 'em to len' me five dollars th'n to hurt his feelin's by sayin' to him, "No, I can't len' ye four shillin', no how." I would, b'gosh!

—A soft answer may turn away wrath, but thuz a heap o' comfort in callin' a feller a liar, sometimes, even if y' git licked fur it.

—Don't never git down-hearted, boys, 'cause y' hain't got sumpin' w'at somebody else has got. A hen hain't got no teeth, but jis' see, b'gosh, how she ketches onter luck by it. She don't hef to hev no gum-biles.

—Silence is gold, they say; so 'f y' wanten see a place whar the precious metal is sca'cer'n bark on the North Pole, slip over to my house an' listen to the ol' woman some evenin' w'en I slide in with a jag on.

—Boys 'll be boys, an' y' can't help yerself; but th' wouldn't be no p'tic'lar harm in that if they'd only be men w'en they git to be men.

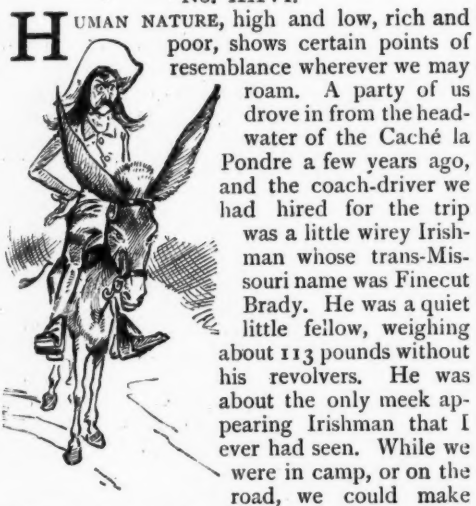
—Alluz 'member, boys, that a feller kin be ez pooty ez a red wagon, an' wear forty-dollar harness, an' yit be ez shaller ez a sasser o' dish-water. Y' kin scour up a six-quart milk-pan so 's y' kin use it fur a lookin'-glass, but y' can't make it hol' more'n six quarts, b'gosh, to save yer gizzard.

—An' alluz 'member this—Ez long ez y' keep a stiff upper lip y' won't be bothered with no limber backbone.  
ED. MOTT.

YOUNG CALLED upon his fellow-man to "think naught a trifle, though it small appear." Mr. Young had very probably just looked out of the car-window and got a cinder about the size of a grain of sand in his eye, and made noise enough to justify the impression that it was a brickbat.

## BRAVE BRADY.—A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

No. XXVI.



**H**UMAN NATURE, high and low, rich and poor, shows certain points of resemblance wherever we may roam. A party of us drove in from the head-water of the Caché la Poudre a few years ago, and the coach-driver we had hired for the trip was a little wirey Irishman whose trans-Missouri name was Finecut Brady. He was a quiet little fellow, weighing about 113 pounds without his revolvers. He was about the only meek appearing Irishman that I ever had seen. While we were in camp, or on the road, we could make

Finecut do anything for us, and some of the boys got to imposing on him, I thought. Coming up the steep and dizzy road that leads out of the Valley of Poudre across the hills toward Diamond Peak, we saw half a mile up the hill, in a turn of the road, a large man coming on a buckskin mule. Finecut saw him and recognized him, apparently; for, very much to our surprise, he handed the lines to me and said:

"Here, William, steer these Cayuse brutes up the hill, while I assassinate that man, will you?"

"Certainly," said I: "any time you see anything along the road that you want to kill, just hand the ribbons to me and I'll do the heavy driving."

Finecut took out his revolver, looked it over to see that it was in shape, and then put it back in his pannier. By that time we were within fifty yards of the solitary horseman, and I was a little nervous when I saw that he was a big fierce-looking kind of Captain Kidd, who could take two such weasels as Brady and thump their heads together.

We tried to pacify Finecut, but he was wild with passion. He was a perfect cyclone of wrath. He got down from his seat and hailed the stranger with a perfect deluge of profanity. It made my blood run cold, and a friend of mine in the party, who had been a policeman for some years, and was, therefore, unaccustomed to danger in any form, crawled under the seat. I said:

"Brady, you little mosquito-brained Irish annex, for Heaven's sake take one of your size."

We all tried to call him off, but it was of no

use. He was determined to kill the stranger, and told him to draw his gun.

"Pull your weepson, you blankety blanked liar from up the goolch," said Brady: "a-r-r-r-m yourself and shoot your dye-stooff, you cowardly freak of nature, while I ventilate your immortal soul. Come down off that yaller mool and get yourself mizzured for a funeral-sermon, you automattick horse-thief of the wo-r-rld. I've been lookin' for you, lo, these minny days. Why don't you lave yourself down aff that buff mool, you entillictooal phenomenon, till I lave the daylight in your diafram!"

The man seemed thunderstruck. He muttered something or other, but we couldn't hear what it was. Brady saw that he wasn't armed, and with a final threat to shoot him on sight if he didn't take back what he had said about him, Finecut came back and climbed into the wagon. We drove on at a trot, and everybody hove a sigh of relief. As I looked back, the black-whiskered stranger still sat on his mule in the road without a sign of moving on. He seemed to have been paralyzed with fear.

I knew Finecut for years after that, but I always called him Mr. Brady. He drove us out to the mountains after that many times, but we never allowed ourselves to impose on him. We used to vie with each other trying to win Mr. Brady's esteem. If he had asked me for ten dollars, I would have loaned it to him just as soon as I could find a friend who would let me have it. He could have got any favor out of me after that little incident in the cañon.

Last Summer I was again riding in the same locality with the sheriff, not through any fault of my own, however, when all at once we met the solitary horseman that Brady had cowed and bullied years ago on that identical road. He was mounted on the same *écru* mule. I was afraid he would recognize me as an accomplice of Brady's, and load me down with reproaches and lead; but he did not. He rode silently by, not even returning the sheriff's salutation.

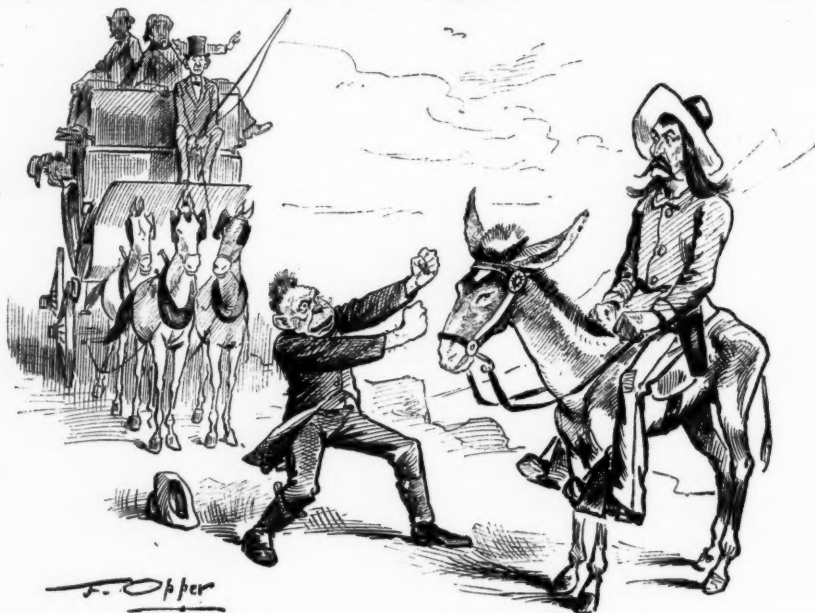
When he got past and out of sight I asked the sheriff who that was.

"That man on the yaller mule? Don't you know him? Why, that's Minkins, poor cuss! When the resurrection comes off, Gabriel will have to raise Minkins by hand."

"Why?"

"Oh, he got mixed up with a premature blast on the Comstock in an early day, and that's the last noise he ever heard distinctly. Paralyzed his hearing and talking outfit. I shouldn't be surprised if Minkins missed the resurrection altogether."

BILL NYE.



## A KISS IN A CALLA.

[HE AND SHE.]

SHE (*tenderly*).

There 's a kiss hid in the calla-head I gave him—  
Oh, I hope my darling one will lift it up  
To his lips, and on my tender token sup;  
How I wish that in my arms I might enslave him,  
Like the kiss I hid within the calla-cup!

HE (*peevishly*).

Does she take me for a gull or guy, I wonder?  
Does she want to catch me with a bit of bloom?  
Can she think men's hearts are won by rich perfume?

(*Softly*.)

And—but—yet—perhaps—who knows or not? By  
thunder,  
She shall tell me with her own fair lips my doom!

HE (*nervously*).

Something in the lily-flower you gave me, Alice,  
Seemed to say: "Out of her love she plucked you  
this";

So I came to ask you if you would—that is—

SHE (*excitedly*).

Then in pollen wrapped within my calla-chalice,  
Oh, you *surely* must have found a tiny kiss!

EDWARD WICK.

## FABLES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE FLY AND THE SEALS.

One Day a Fly sat on a Tree near the Pond  
Intently Gazing at the Playful Antics of the  
Seals. All at Once He said to Himself:

"I'd like to know if that Funny Business on  
their Sides is Fins or Feet."

So saying, he flew to see, and Perched on the  
Wet Breast of a Seal and stuck there, and be-  
fore he could Extricate Himself, the Seal again  
Leaped into the Water and the Fly was Drowned.

MORAL.—Don't be too Fly about Getting  
Stuck on People till you are Pretty Well Ac-  
quainted with their Private Habits.

THE BULL IN THE CHINA-SHOP.

(*Revised Version.*)

One day an "Ole" Bull was Strolling down  
the Avenue, and he entered a China-Shop.

"Now," said he: "I have read Somewhere  
of one of my Ancestors who made a Bad 'Bull'  
once of a Situation like this, and I am Deter-  
mined to Lower the Record for Imbecility in  
my Family if Possible."

So he Hooked the Owner and Scared him  
out of the Shop, and started Trade on His own  
Hooks (as it were), and in a Few Months he  
had the Pleasure of seeing his Name Honorably  
Mentioned in "Bradstreet's" and in "Dunn's"  
Business Directories, and also he could "Bull"  
the Stock Markets as he Liked.

MORAL.—Read the Papers, and you stand a  
Show to Know and Have Something, even  
though your Ancestors did make Blanked Fools  
of themselves.

THE BOYS AND THE ALLIGATOR; OR, THE ALLIGATOR AND THE BUOY.

Some Florida Boys, who had a Swimming-  
Hole along the Banks of the St. John River,  
were Often driven out of the Water by a Very  
large Alligator who came to Sample them. At  
last they Hit Upon a Little Racket to get Even  
with Him. They Constructed a Buoy the ex-  
act Size, Shape and Shade of an ordinary Boy,  
and filled it with Nitro-Glycerine, and took a  
Pole and Pushed it out a little way from Shore.  
Presently the Alligator came Up with his Mouth  
Wide Open like a Steel Trap, and in one Bite  
he took In over half of the Buoy, who just at  
that Juncture went off and Blew him tail First  
about three Miles up the River.

MORAL.—"Boys will be Buoy's."

F. S. RYMAN.



PUCK'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR ASSORTED CELEBRITIES.



My hopes are rudely shattered,  
And politics I hate,  
Although it now is Christmas,  
I get no Christmas cake.

No luscious goose this Christmas  
Will joy my ancient gums,  
And then my Christmas-pudding  
Is destitute of plums.

I wish the dashed old Christmas  
Would hurry up and fly,  
In it I can see nothing  
With my old game cock-eye.



Like chilly snow-flakes dropping  
Upon the windy hills,  
Already on my table  
Are falling X-mas bills.

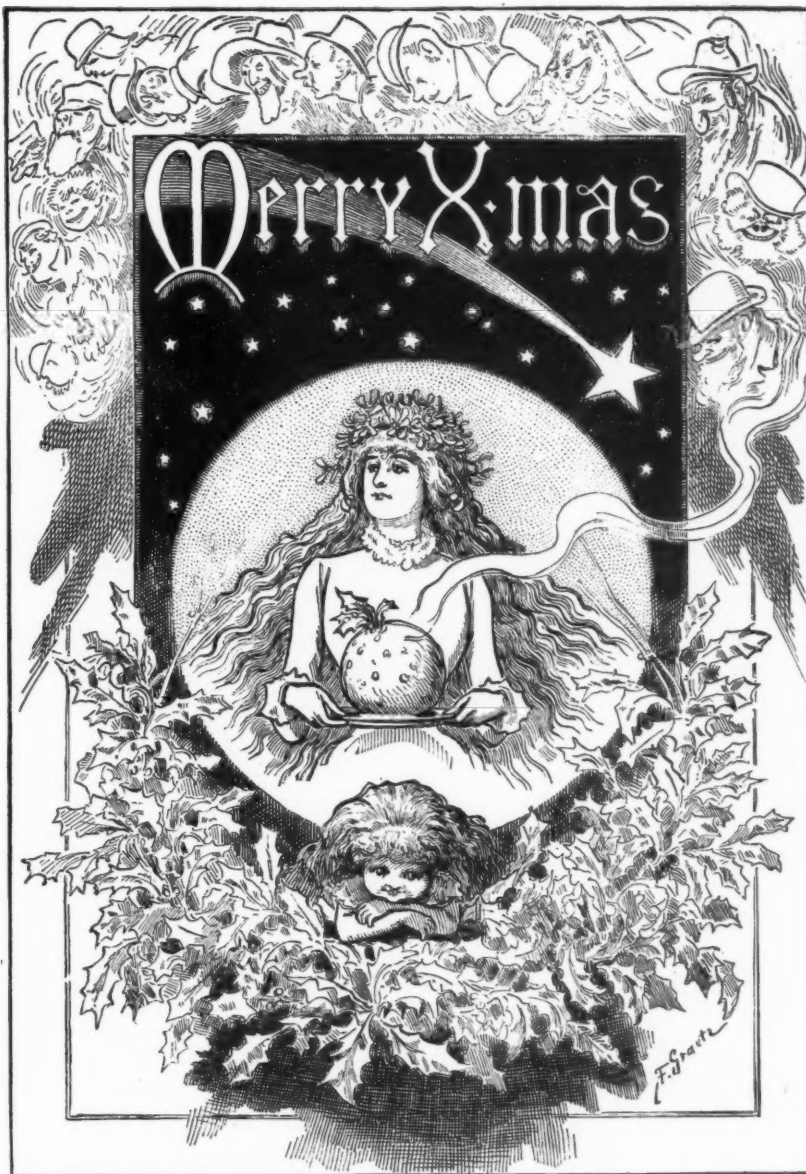
Each day I dull the scissors  
While envelopes I cut,  
And then my little check-book  
Not once a day is shut.

I fear me ere the new year  
Dawns on the vales and ponds,  
That I shall see no coupons  
Upon my last year's bonds.



Oh, merry is the Christmas of the happy Independent,  
With the glory of his victory made gorgeously resplendent!  
They may talk about defection in the way of Prohibition,  
Or of blainiac voters, housebound by the weather's bad condition;  
Or of British gold in barrels sent across the stormy ocean,  
All subscribed to put the deadly Free-Trade Juggernaut in motion;  
They may talk of Dr. Burchard and his three "R"s reprehensible,  
And of J. G. B.'s supineness 'neath the taunt so indefensible;  
They may talk of Southern Bourbons and their base intimidation,  
And of Conkling's cold refusal to preserve his neutral station—  
But we rid the country of the curse of which we swore to rid it—  
And I'm a Dude-and-Pharisee, and we're the boys that did it!

Oh, a rare old bird is the Christmas goose,  
There's balm in the flow of his gentle juice—  
Dudes and Pharisees, Mugwumps, too,  
Blainiacs battered and bruised and blue,  
Blistered Butlerites, Belvalettes lone,  
Come in out of the winds that moan,  
And bury the past in the streaming juice  
That softly exudes from the X-mas goose.



I'm the roaring Irish Sachem,  
See my glaring Christmas war-paint,  
See my X-mas wampum  
Hanging at my ancient girdle.

All the world for me is hollow;  
For we now have got a Mayor  
Whom next year I cannot manage;  
Woe is me, the ancient Sachem.

Get away, O dreary Christmas,  
You are very cold and chilly,  
And I know my massive turkey  
Fate has gone and stuffed with saw-  
dust.



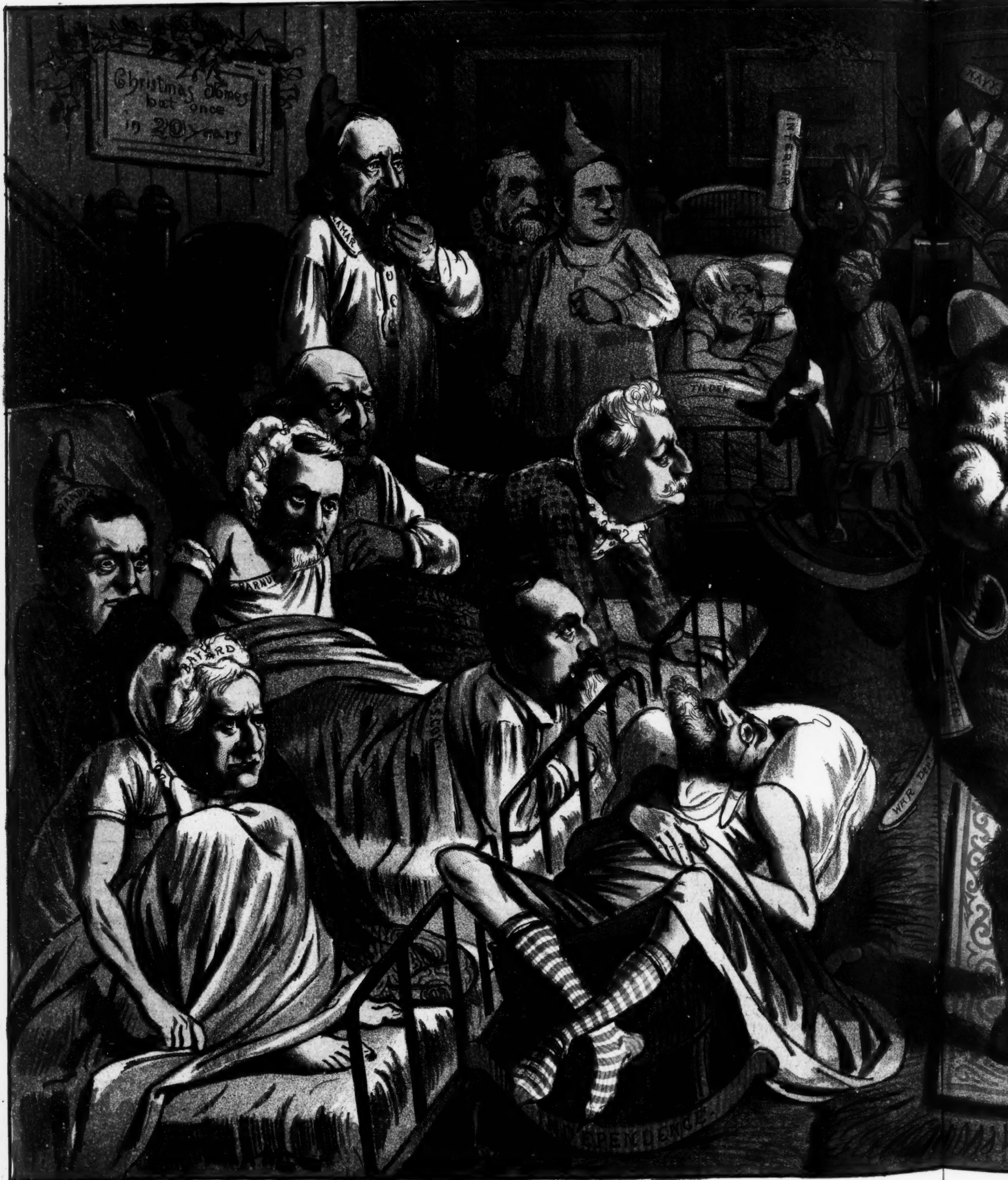
I am the Pious Financier,  
May Heaven give me Christmas  
cheer!  
More bright will shine  
This luck of mine  
If all the outside world is drear.

My wallet's full, your larder's bare,  
May Heaven send, to swell my share,  
The widow's mite,  
To make more bright  
The Christmas of the millionaire.

Oh, let the season hurry on,  
To join the busted seasons gone,  
The while I hear  
My busy shear  
A-clipping of the light coupon.

I am Henritheward, Henry the Beecher of Brooklyn,  
I am the orator great who lays out Demosthenes hollow;  
I am the man whose bazoo, upraised in the village of Brooklyn,  
Clear as a trumpet tone and like to a fog-whistle fetching,  
Carried the County of Kings right into the fold of the mugwumps.  
Whoop-a-de-dooden-doo! Whoop-a-de-dooden-de-doodle!—  
Excuse the exuberant outburst of joy that is quite uncontrollable—  
Lo, I would lift up my voice, and shout with a mighty thanksgiving—  
Pierce the blue sky with my crow, and split the traditional welkin—  
Tra-la-la-la-la-loo—trala-la-la-la-lalla!  
Give me a Christmas goose as big as the national eagle—  
I have worked hard enough to give me the relish to eat it—  
Tra-la-la-la-la-lalla! Whoop-itty-doodle-de-doodle!





OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

A MOMENT OF ANXIETY.—WHO



K.



MAYER, MERKEL & GUTSMANN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST.

—WHO IS GOING TO GET LEFT?

## A MODEL CHRISTMAS STORY.

ROBERT JONES'S LUCK.

Robert Jones was a poor but honest young man who lived in Harlem, and supported a wife, mother-in-law, his wife's aunt, and two small children on twenty dollars a week. His next-door neighbor, Hiram Moneybags, was a wealthy but dishonest old curmudgeon who stinted himself in order to add to an income already larger than he could spend.

Poor Jones had a hard time to make ends meet, and he was continually abused by his wife's relatives because he did not have a larger income. His head was full of schemes for advancement; but he lacked the ability or the capital to carry them out. One day, while reading the newspaper, his eye caught the following item:

"Galusha Golden, a California millionaire, while walking on Nob Hill, San Francisco, slipped on a banana-peel, and would have fallen down an area-way had it not been for the timely assistance of Robert Jones, a poor young man, who sprang forward and caught Mr. Golden in his arms, thus saving him from death or serious injury. Mr. Golden at once gave Mr. Jones \$100,000 in cash, took him into the firm as a partner, and will bequeath him a fortune in his will."

Mr. Jones groaned to think that he was not the Robert Jones who had fallen into all this good luck. Here was Christmas coming on, and no money to buy presents with—hardly enough to pay for coal.

Then the idea flashed through his head: Why might not the same good fortune happen to him if he should only put himself in the way of it? It was hardly likely that the poor Robert Jones, of San Francisco, had any business on Nob Hill, unless he was looking out for just such an accident on the part of some millionaire, and had prepared himself to take advantage of it. Was it not entirely probable that Robert Jones had placed the banana-peel near the area-way, with a view of bringing about the desired calamity?

Mr. Robert Jones, of New York, determined to act on the idea at once, and in order not to spread his energies too much, he selected Mr. Hiram Moneybags as the victim of his machinations. He knew Hiram was a tough old miser; but life was sweet, and a timely rescue might open both his heart and his purse. Mr. Jones hinted darkly to his family that good times were coming; but he refused to speak further.

That night he shot out with a pail of water and poured it over the steps of old Moneybags's front entrance. The next morning Jones stood at the bottom of the steps and waited. Old Moneybags stepped out, struck the ice, and took a precipitate downward flight. Jones sprang forward to catch him. He was upset, and the two rolled into the gutter in a confused heap.

"You infernal fool—what d'yer mean by getting in my way?" said old Moneybags, and he kicked Jones in the ribs and limped away.

Jones's body was hurt as much as his feelings, and it was three days before he was well enough to leave his house.

Then he made a plot with a small boy to dump a cart-load of snow from a roof-top on old Moneybags's head as he passed along the street. This worked finely; but Jones was nervous and too precipitate, and as he sprang forward to drag away the old miser, the snow came down on his own head and flattened him out like a pan-cake.

They dug him out and took him away in an ambulance, and it was a week before he got over that. This discouraged him with laying plans, and he resolved to follow old Moneybags around and trust in something to turn up.

He had done this only three days when he found that a third man was following him. He

was arrested the next day as a suspicious character.

It was proved that he had dogged Mr. Moneybags's steps for days, and the police-justice committed him until his record could be investigated.

Jones passed Christmas and the holidays in prison, and was discharged two weeks later, convinced that there was no luck for him in this world.

W. R. BENJAMIN.

## Answers for the Anxious.

S. J. R.—Cultivate calm. You woo the muse with a club.

SPHINX, JR.—We have a puzzle department, dearly beloved. It is located in our waste-basket.

D. D. T.—We have sent your pun to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It will be put in the archaeological collection, if it does not prove to be beyond restoration.

LESBIA.—Yes, dear, it is a very pretty poem; but, bless your young heart, we have the receipt for making that kind of thing by the gross. It is much more easy than the well-known acrobatic feat of rolling off a log. It is frequently very difficult to roll off a log—to roll it off another man's wood-pile without attracting the attention of the dog, for instance. But anybody can write that kind of poem. All you have to do is to give an accurate machine-made description of nature—say like this:

Now the snow is softly falling  
On the meadows bleak and bare,  
And the snowbirds sad are calling  
To each other through the air—

You can go on with that kind of thing and chase the fleeting Muse as long as the soles of your balmorals hold out—thus, as it were:

Now the tumtum tumpty tiddies,  
And the tiddy tumtum tees—  
While the itty um that iddies  
Tums with tumtum all the trees.

So the  
Like a  
And I hear the  
Gently dropping through the air.

Then, when you think you have done about enough for your country in this line, you can finish up with the ease and grace of a trapeze-performer, after this fashion:

Silent are the frozen sparrows,  
Round the house the storm-wind hums;  
Now the Frost-King shoots his arrows—  
Choose pneumonia or gums.

Lesbia, we and a club can transform our office-boy into a poet on that principle. You will find that you have got to galvanize the market with something fresher than that, if you want to step into the great, busy, jostling horde of poets and not get trodden into the slabby mud of oblivion.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

TENNYSON'S LATEST poem is called "Freedom." He ought to get six months in Newgate.

VERDI RECOMMENDS lowering the musical pitch. Probably to bring it to the level of some recent musical compositions.

"OUGHT WE to visit her?" asks a St. Louis exchange. We can't tell exactly. It is usually better to wait until she invites you.

IT IS reported that the city is overrun with bean-shooters. This is the first time we ever thought that the bean was a game-bird.

WHISTLER RECEIVES four hundred dollars each for his pictures. Mr. Whistler is paid not so much for what he paints as for what he doesn't paint.

A BOSTON PAPER says, "A church in New York is flush with the sidewalk." It is a matter of surprise to a Boston man that a church should be flush at all.

A BERLIN PIANO-MAKER has invented a noiseless piano. That is the first step in the right direction. Now let some one invent a noiseless singer and a silent accordeon.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D., has written a book called, "How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully." What's the use of reading a book to learn that secret, when it can be learned in a few words, to wit: Become a coryphée?

ENGLAND, IT IS gravely stated, will see only one total eclipse of the sun in the next two hundred and fifty years. This cannot refer to London, because the inhabitants of that city never see enough of the sun to know when it is eclipsed.

A COLOGNE CLERGYMAN recently gave orders that no lady wearing a handsome dress should be allowed to enter his church, and was surprised to see his congregation dwindle to nothing in less than a fortnight. There was nothing left to induce the ladies to attend.

## HIS CHRISTMAS PRAYER.



"OH! — — —!"

—After a Popular Print.



# HOME VS. BOARDING.

You find the word "home" used in various enterprises, and you notice it on various business signs as you pass along the street. You frequently hear of a "Home Insurance Company"; but never of a "Boarding-House Insurance Company." As you walk along the street, you will see a sign in front of a restaurant, put out to catch people, with the legend, "Home-made Pie." I never saw one reading, "Boarding-House Pie." The most glorious triumph in base-ball is a "home-run," not a "boarding-house run." The victorious part of a race-course is called the "home-stretch," not the "boarding-house-stretch." When a man is lonesome during a long period of absence from his fireside, he acknowledges himself to be "home-sick," not "boarding-house sick." When Paine wrote his immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," he didn't call it "Boarding-House, Sweet Boarding-House," and he didn't sing: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like boarding-house." You will also notice that our militia is known as the "Home Guard," and not the "Boarding-House Guard."

The "Home Sewing-Machine" is pretty well known; but how about the "Boarding-House Sewing-Machine"? In "The Star Spangled Banner" we read of the "land of the free and the home (not of the boarding-house) of the brave." When Goldsmith wrote "The Traveler," it never struck him that it would be a noble sentiment to sing:

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,  
His first best country ever is at boarding-house."

He thought it would sound better to make it "home."

You never see the legend worked in worsted of every delicate shade:

"God Bless Our Boarding-House."

Because that would sound like irony, although it would do the boarding-house no harm.

How would it sound to read from Ecclesiastes: "The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long boarding-house," etc.? And then suppose you should tell a homely girl that she was "boarding-houseously"?

You never know the pleasure of a home until you have boarded for awhile. When you are at home you don't have to sit down to your dinner between a cornet-player and a champion of spiritualism, and be obliged to take part in arguments on subjects which—thank Heaven!—you don't understand. In your own home you do not have to sit at the table and prevaricate and say the steak is tender when you couldn't cut it with a razor. At home you can say the steak would make good gate-hinges if you could only drive nails through it. And you can say whatever you please of the cook, and have the pleasure of saying it over again to the butcher in the morning if you please. In your own home you may lie abed as late in the morning as you like, and your breakfast will be ready for you when you arise.

If you live in a boarding-house, you are a slave to the bell; you have to hurry from any place you happen to be to connect with that meal. If you don't get there in time, you can go and purchase a meal elsewhere. At home you can rummage through the closet and refrigerator and make your wife wild with excitement, lest peradventure you disarrange something or break some of the cut-glass. Or, still better, when you come home late you find your dinner in the oven. It has been in the oven for several hours, and the meat and vegetables and gravy have become one crisp mass, and you can take up the whole business in your hand and eat it like a cracker.

Go away back to the old Biblical days of Adam and Eve, and see how our original pa-

# ANATOMICAL ART IN CHICAGO.



SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT EXPERIENCE OF A RESPECTABLE BRONZE SPHINX AT THE ENTRANCE OF A CHICAGO PARK.

rents lived. They didn't board. They kept house and were in Paradise. They didn't have a grand marble mansion four stories high, either. They kept house on the ground-floor. Adam was happy, because he had no mother-in-law to tell Eve how to manage him, and give other advice abhorrent to husbands. Noah kept house in the Ark, and he had the first happy family on record. Abraham and Isaac never boarded. They always kept house. It seems that Jacob was the first man who boarded. He worked for Laban seven years for his board and Laban's daughter. According to history, it took Jacob seven years to get Laban's daughter; but then you must remember that Jacob was a tiller of the soil, and not a coachman.

Go back to the old colonial days, and you will find that the early settlers kept house. When they fought the Indians they fought for their homes, not for their boarding-houses. In those days every man knew what it was to have his own vine and fig-tree to worship and beer up under. Those were trying times, when a man couldn't move without having a gun in his hand. Those were days when the gun was mightier than the sword and pen together. And no man had to look down the barrel to see if it was loaded. When a man took his family to church, he took his gun along. When he sat down to dine, he sharpened the carving-knife on the gun-barrel. The gun was a regularly ordained member of the family. The head of the house wore it on his back in the day-time, and slept with it at night for self-protection. Yet under those trying circumstances the colonial settler kept house.

Go all through history, and you will find that the great men were "house-keepers," and not "boarders." Lincoln kept house in a log-cabin. Queen Victoria has always kept house, and she could live at a French restaurant and have pie four times a day, if she wanted to. You all know

that the Czar of Russia keeps house, and most of the time he keeps in the house. It is such a risky business for the Czar to go out to take a walk that he is generally found in the bosom of his family in a suit of ready-made iron clothes. The Czarina cannot sit on his lap without catching cold. When he has his entire suit on he looks like the catcher of a baseball team. When any one steps on his feet, he cannot feel it, even if it is the rude porter who comes daily to polish him up with bath-brick. If a picture comes down off the wall and hits him on the head, he never knows anything about it until he's told. He's so used to having dynamite thrown at him that he can't feel a picture. The only time he is successfully blown up is when the Czarina gets at him—and she's the only one who can blow him up and live—  
B. C. 4. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

## CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,  
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,  
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,  
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

## ROSS' ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.

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*J. P. B., in Philadelphia News.*

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## NOTICE.

Numbers 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79, 82, 87, 88, 131 and 154 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10c., and number 26 at 25c. per copy.

THEY were talking about the times and the general disinclination to buy large stocks or make heavy investments, when a bald-headed man edged into the crowd and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been living beyond our means, and we must get down to hard pan and begin over again."

"That may be all very true," replied one of the others: "but who will begin?"

"I have already begun," said the bald-head: "I was worth \$30,000; I bought \$20,000 worth of city lots and started to build a \$75,000 mansion. The result is that I am right down to bed rock, and ready to begin anew. Do any of you happen to know a good opening for a dancing-master?"—*Wall Street News.*

JULIAN HAWTHORNE says he "would not exchange the rough democracy of horse-cars for all the silken ease and splendid pomp of the English Empire." If an awkward man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and wearing thick-soled shoes, were to enter a street-car and tread upon Julian's toes, he rather think that for about ten minutes he would hanker for some silken ease of effete empires, and not so much democracy.—*Norristown Herald.*

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To thee a humble knee we meekly bend,  
And pray that Providence to us may lend  
A mouth and stomach equal to our eye,  
Which could devour infinitudes of thee,  
As there thou liest in such matchless state  
Upon the ancient browned and blackened  
plate,

A work of art most rapturous to see.  
Thy dimpling surface, round as Luna's orb,  
Is flecked with changing shades of mottled-  
brown

Which defy e'en Titian's glowing brush,  
And make of Tintoretto's work a daub.  
Thou art of pies the king, with fitting crown  
Of pearly pastry lined with softest plush.

—Boston Globe.

"No, zir, I gannod drust you fur dot pants."  
"Why not, Mr. Grindstein?"  
"Pecause you never vill bay me."  
"I know, but I've got a scheme by which  
you can make some money."

"Vat ish dot?"  
"You know Goldspeckel, your rival across  
the street?"

"Yes."  
"Well, if I tell him you trusted me for a pair  
of pants, he'll trust me for a coat and vest.  
Don't you see? A coat and vest are worth five  
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only four dollars while he is losing twenty  
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"Vel, on dose gonditions you gan have der  
bants."—Chicago News.

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[Continued.]  
CHAPTER II.

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tion, have been cured;

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Absolute purity.  
Comparison  
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It was just after the tiff. "I wonder," snarled Romeo: "if we shall know each other in heaven."

"I would remember you, of course," replied Juliet, with tender emphasis: "but, of course, I couldn't know you without meeting you."

And a period of silence as long as a centennial poem crept into the room. Romeo kept thinking about one thing and another and one thing and another and one thing and another. —Robert J. Burdette.

"You want to aim very low when you are hunting the bison," said the old hunter. "How low?" asked the tenderfoot. "Buffalo," replied the old hunter, without a struggle. —Burlington Hawkeye.

If the gentleman whose lips pressed the lady's snowy brow and thus caught a severe cold had but used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, no doctor's bill would have been necessary.

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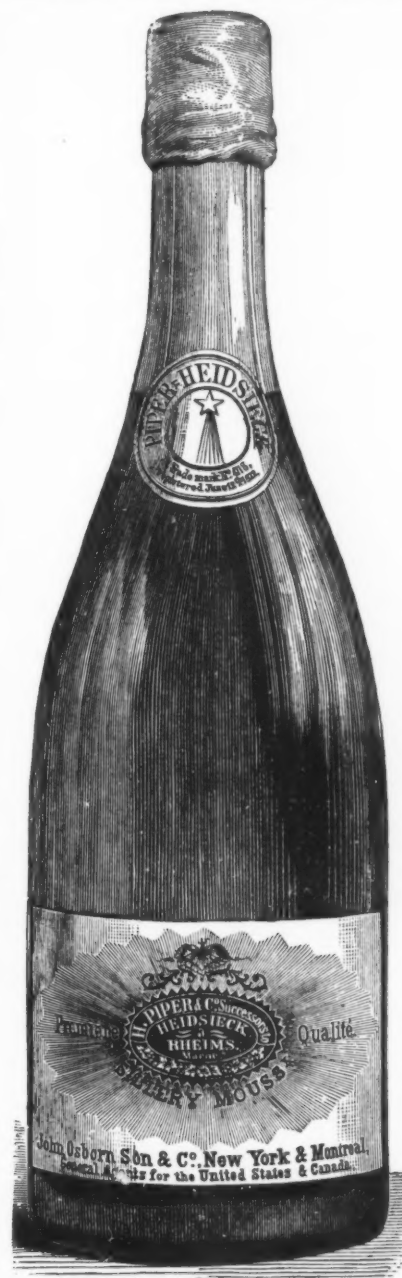
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*A Thrilling Story of Life in the Woods.*

"Back, wretch!" cried the beautiful girl, as the wolf advanced upon her: "Dare to touch one morsel of my grandmother's dinner, and I will call for help!"



**Robinson Crusoe; or, The Cannibal's Last Shot.**  
*A Tale of Blood.*

"You can bet your life we're on the track of the red devils at last, pard!" said Friday, pointing, as he spoke, to a foot-print in the sand. The next moment there was a wild yell, and a band of cannibals, armed with Colt's revolvers and Springfield rifles was upon them.



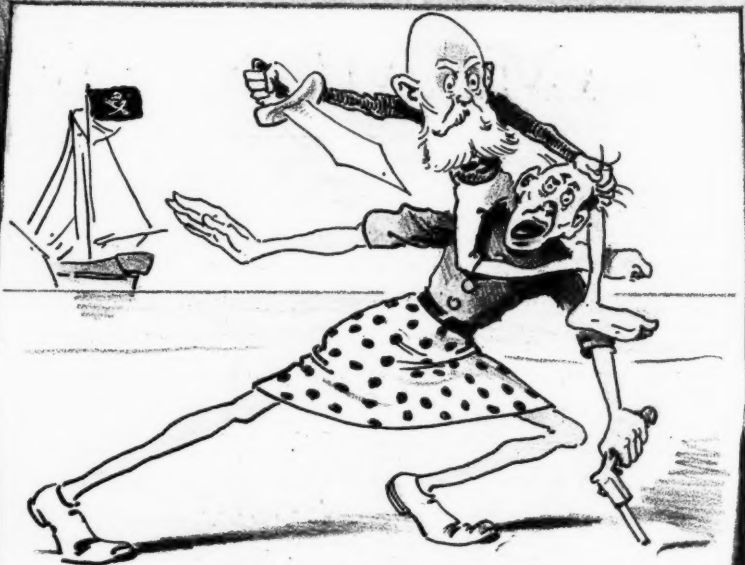
**Aladdin, the Boy Detective, and His Wonderful Lamp.**

"Ha, Jim Dalton, I have you at last!" cried Aladdin, removing his large slouch-hat and false beard with one hand, and rubbing his lamp with the other. The next instant an enormous genii, armed with a Winchester repeating-rifle, appeared.



**Blue-Beard, the Turkish Jesse James.**

With a mortal yell of baffled fury, Blue Beard, the Bandit King, fell backward, pierced through the heart. His last wife was a dead shot.



**Sindbad the Pirate; or, The Buccaneer's Revenge.**

"Die, red-handed miscreant!" cried the Old Man of the Sea, as with one supreme effort he leaped upon the shoulders of Sindbad, and raising his glittering bowie-knife, buried it to the hilt in the heart of his antagonist.

*Popper*